

## Children's Department.

### THE LITTLE ONES HE BLESSED.

I wonder if ever the children  
 Who were blessed by the Master of old  
 Forgot he had made them his treasures,  
 The dear little lambs of his fold:  
 I wonder if, angry and willful,  
 They wandered afar and astray,  
 The children whose feet had been guided  
 So safe and so soon in the way.

One would think that the mothers at evening,  
 Soft smoothing the silk-tangled hair,  
 And low leaning down to the murmur  
 Of sweet, childish voices in prayer,  
 Oft bade the small pleaders to listen,  
 If haply again they might hear  
 The words of the gentle Redeemer  
 Borne swift to the reverent ear.

And my heart cannot cherish the fancy  
 That ever those children went wrong,  
 And were lost from the peace and the shelter,  
 Shut out from the feast and the song.  
 To the days of gray hairs they remembered,  
 I think, how the hands that were riven  
 Were laid on their heads when Christ uttered,  
 "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

He has said it to you, little darling,  
 Who spell it in God's Word to-day:  
 You, too, may be sorry for sinning,  
 You also believe and obey:  
 And 'twill grieve the dear Savior in heaven  
 If one little child shall go wrong—  
 Be lost from the fold and the shelter,  
 Shut out from the feast and the song.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

### HOW EDDIE PREACHED.

"When I get big enough I'm going to be a preacher," said Eddie one day.

"What is a preacher?" asked grandma.

Eddie looked surprised.

"Don't you know what a preacher is? A preacher is a man that tells the people what the Bible means. And he says, 'Thirdly, my brethren,' and everybody listens to him. It's nice to have people listen to you."

Grandma smiled.

"I think you are big enough to preach now," she said.

"Really and truly, grandma?" asked the little boy, eagerly.

"Yes, really and truly."

"I'm 'fraid not," said Eddie, after a few minutes of thought, "or I'd know how, and I don't."

"What does the preacher do first?" asked grandma.

"He takes a text, and then he 'splains it. I can't do that."

"O, yes, you can," said grandma. "Here is a good text for you to explain: 'Be ye kind one to another.'"

"There's nothing to 'splain 'bout that," said Eddie. "You just be kind to everybody, and that's all there is of it."

"A good text, though, for my little

preacher's first sermon. I should like to have him preach from it for a week."

"Preach a week? Why, grandma, I can't."

"Can't you be kind to everybody you meet for one week?"

Eddie looked thoughtful.

"Would that be preaching?" he asked.

"It would be the very best kind. A good preacher has to preach in that way, or people will not listen to what he says in the pulpit."

"Well," said Eddie, with a sigh, "I suppose I can try; but I wasn't thinking 'bout that kind of preaching."

"You'll be showing everybody what that verse in the Bible means," said grandma.

"It's not kind to the teacher to whisper in school," said Eddie the next day; and he did not whisper once.

"It's not kind to Bridget to play along the road and keep my dinner waiting either," and he hurried home from school.

"It's not being kind to mamma when I don't do errands promptly," he said; and he did quickly and well whatever he was bid.

Every day and all day he thought about what was kind, and he tried to do it.

The end of the week came.

"How do you like preaching?" asked grandma.

"Why, I like it; but, grandma, I guess everybody must have been preaching 'bout that text, for everybody has been so kind to me."—*The Mayflower.*

### AN HOUR WITH THE BIBLE.

How many children can find answers to these questions?

There was once a very wicked king who fell from a window and was badly hurt. Instead of seeking the Lord, this king sent messengers to an idol god to know if he would live or die. But an angel appeared to a prophet of God and told him to go and meet the king's messengers and send back word to the king that he should surely die because he had appealed to an idol for help. When the king asked the messengers why they had returned so soon, they delivered the prophet's message, and he was so angry that he sent a captain and fifty soldiers to bring the prophet before the king as a prisoner. The captain found the prophet sitting on a hill and commanded him in the king's name to come down. But the prophet called fire down from heaven, which burnt up the officer and the soldiers. Then the king sent more soldiers, and they were burnt up in the same way. A third time the king sent men to take the prophet, but the captain of the third company was afraid, and instead of commanding the

prophet to come he begged him to come. Then the prophet came down from the hill and went with them to the king and repeated the Lord's message to him.

Who was the king and who was the prophet? Which two of the disciples of Christ wanted to call down fire from heaven to burn up some bad people and what did Jesus say to them?

Look in the second Book of Kings and in the ninth chapter of Luke.—*Selected.*

### YOU CAN'T CHEAT GOD.

Ned took his cousin Grace along to keep him company while he worked at a job he had to perform.

"I don't think you're doing your work very well," she said. "It looks to me as if you were slighting it."

"That's all right," laughed Ned, "What I'm doing now will all be covered up, you know."

"But isn't that cheating?"

"Maybe 'tis after a fashion," answered Ned. "But it isn't like most cheating, you know."

"That's not the way to look at it," said Grace. "If it is cheating, it's cheating, you know that. You can't excuse it because it isn't the worst kind of cheating."

"But the man won't know about it," said Ned.

"He may not," said Grace soberly, "but God will. You can't cheat God."

Ned stopped work and went to thinking. Presently he said:

"You're right. I'm glad you said that, Grace. I'm going to begin over. There shan't be any cheating this time."

Ned undid what he had done and began again—began right—and I know he felt better for it. I hope he will always remember that no one can cheat God.

### WROTE TO GOD IN HEAVEN.

E. T. Barker, superintendent of the delivery department of the Boston postoffice, had his attention brought yesterday to a postal card addressed to "God in Heaven."

The message was:

"Please Lord, send me a cart to get my mother chips. I am Frankie Welch, 108 Hammond street."

It was found that the little boy lives with his mother, a widow, at the address given, and that they are entirely worthy people, though of moderate means.

His mother says Frank is smart and affectionate toward those he loves, his strong point being his independence and self-reliance.

Good luck is the twin brother of hard work.